With beſt aduantage will deceiue the time,
And aide thee in this doubtfull ſhocke of armes,
But on thy ſide I may not be too forward,
Leaſt being ſeene thy brother tender George
Be executed in his fathers ſight.
Farewell, the leiſure and the feareful time,
Cuts off the ceremonious vowes of loue,
And ample enterchange of ſweet diſcourſe,
Which ſo long ſundried friends ſhould dwell vpon,
God giue vs leiſure for theſe rights of loue.
Once more adiew, be valiant and ſpeed well.

Rich. Good Lords conduct him to his regiment:
Ile ſtriue with troubled thoughts to take a nap,
Leaſt leaden ſlumber peiſe me downe to morrow,
When I ſhould mount with wings of victorie,
Once more good night kind Lords and gentlemen. *Exunt.*
O thou whoſe Captaine I account my ſelfe,
Looke on my forces with a gracious eye:
Put in their hands thy bruſing Irons of wrath,
That they may cruſh downe with a heauie fall,
The vſurping helmets of our aduerſaries,
Make vs thy miniſters of chaſtiſement,
That we may praiſe thee in the victorie,
To thee I do commend my watchfull ſoule,
Ere I let fall the windowes of mine eies,
Sleeping and waking, oh defend me ſtill!

Enter the ghoſt of yoong Prince Edward, ſonne to Henry the ſixt, to Ri.

Ghoſt to Ri. Let me ſit heauie on thy ſoule to morrow.
Thinke how thou ſtabſt me in my prime of youth,
At Tewkesburie, diſpaire therefore and die.

To Rich. Be chearful Richmond, for the wronged ſoules
Of butchered Princes fight in thy behalfe,
King Henries iſſue Richmond comforts thee.

Enter the ghoſt of Henry the ſixt.

Ghoſt to Ri. When I was mortall, my annointed bodie,
By thee was punched full of holes,
Thinke on the Towr and me, diſpaire and die.

Harrie

Harrie the ſixt bids thee diſpaire and die.
To Rich. Vertuous and holie be thou conqueror,
Harrie that propheſied thou ſhouldeſt be king,
Doth comfort thee in thy ſleepe, liue and floriſh.

Enter the Ghoaſt of Clarence.

Ghoaſt. Let me ſit heauie in thy ſoule to morrow,
I that was waſht to death with fulſome wine,
Poore Clarence by thy guile betraid to death:
To morrow in the battaile thinke on me,
And fall thy edgeleſſe ſword, diſpaire and die.

To Rich. Thou offspring of the houſe of Lancaſter,
The wronged heires of Yorke do pray for thee,
Good angels guard thy battaile, liue and floriſh.

Enter the ghoaſts of Riuers, Gray, Vaughan.

King. Let me ſit heauie in thy ſoule to morrow,
Riuers that died at Pomfret diſpaire and die.
Gray. Thinke vpon Gray, and let thy ſoule diſpaire.
Vaugh. Thinke vpon Vaughan, and with guiltie feare,
Let fall thy launce, diſpaire and die.

All to *Ri.* Awake and thinke our wrongs in Ri. boſome,
Will conquer him, awake and win the day.

Enter the ghoaſts of the two young Princes.

Ghoſt to Ri. Dreame on thy Coſens ſmothered in the tower,
Let vs be laid within thy boſome Richard,
And weigh thee downe to ruine, ſhame, and death,
Thy Nephewes ſoules bid thee diſpaire and die.

To Ri. Sleepe Richmond ſleepe, in peace and wake in ioy,
Good angels guard thee from the bores annoy,
Liue and beget a happie race of Kings,
Edwards vnhappie ſonnes do bid thee floriſh.

Enter the ghoaſt of Haſtings.

Ghoaſt. Bloudie and guiltie, guiltilie awake,
And in a bloudie battaile end thy dayes,
Thinke on lord Haſtings, diſpaire and die.

To Rich. Quiet vntroubled ſoule, awake, awake,
Arme, fight and conquer for faire Englands ſake.

Enter the Ghoaſt of Ladie Anne his wife.

Richard thy wife, that wretched Anne thy wife,

Thou